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RED CROSS STAFF AT TOMSK, SIBERIA
Miss Amy McKowan in foreground, wearing hat

Life and Light

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Witnessing for Christ in Exile

Miss Maritza Chopoorian, a graduate of Euphrates College and one of the teachers, in a personal letter to Miss Daniels, wrote from Der-el-zor, February 27, 1919:

THE students for whom you sacrificed your life and time are scattered. The teachers and the girls you were preparing to be useful to their communities were taken and carried away by cruel Turks and Arabs. Be proud; the majority of the daughters of Euphrates College preferred death; they were slaughtered on the field of honor; they did not surrender themselves to the Turks. The few, like me and my sister, that survived, bore blows, starvation, and passed long and sad days in the damp corners of a hut. God only gave us strength and patience to bear.

I am sure you heard that after we were driven from our homes for deportation we were tortured on the road, we were robbed to our skin, we were forced to walk almost entirely naked under the burning sun, as if we were savages. Three of our lady teachers, after two weeks of such a march, were carried off by the Arabs. The story of how some of my people and I are living is very sad, but I can say this much, that I saw the guiding hand of God in every misfortune. Now my sister and I are exiles, thrown into a dark corner of Arabia with our aged mother and three small brothers.

Thanks to God, the free and Christian British are governing here. The terror and the fear of the Turkish rule is over. We are free now. But, alas! the wounds have not stopped bleeding yet, and our dear ones do not return. The terrible vision of the beheading of my sister and elder brother on the road and in this city is torturing me. I was an eye-witness not only of the slaughter of my relatives, but of thousands of innocent Ar-

menians in this city. Torture, cruelty, crime—what a terrible scene! Those that escaped the sword died of disease; those that escaped disease died by starvation. This last is the most cruel and slow. Starvation—you cannot understand it. The wanderers in the desert and Maritza, working for a few ounces of bread



Courtesy of A. C. R. N. E.

Armenian Exiles

in the dirtiest factories of the Turks, know what starvation is; the Armenian exile, the mother, who unable to find a piece of bread and unable to bear any more the cries of her starving children, the mother who throws her children into the river,—

only they know what starvation is. How many ate blood and grass, and died of disease! Have you ever seen the death hours of the starving? It is pitiful. I have seen many skeletons, with wrinkled skin and paralyzed limbs, in a corner or on a sand heap or under a wall, lying on their backs, eyes dim, waiting for death. He knows he is dying, but there is no salvation; he is hungry, who cares? He is an Armenian, he is a Christian, he must die.

We two sisters underwent the most terrible beatings and privations, but never surrendered ourselves to the Turks or Arabs. I lost everything, relatives and friends, but I did not lose Christ. This is the only comfort of my life. I have nothing else to be glad for. I am glad that I was able to be faithful to my religion and to my nation and to the high ideals that I received from Euphrates College. I bless my teachers who inspired in me high moral and spiritual principles which kept me from denying Christ. Let me tell you that those who married Turks and Arabs lived more comfortably, but those that had national pride and knew the sacredness and highness of love suffered, and suffered like us. But our soul and heart were and are calm; this is sufficient.

This city is cursed, dirty, immoral. The inhabitants are barbarous and wild—no school, no church, no religion, no clean social life. For four years I have not heard the Word of God. When you have a Y. W. C. A. meeting, kindly sing "When the Trumpet of the Lord" and "Under His Wing." I have neither English nor Armenian hymn-book. I am singing only those hymns that I have memorized."

NOTE: Word has been received, this week, that although months ago Maritza and her sister were offered positions to teach in Bagdad, they chose to remain in exile in order to help their friends and relatives. She has been a source of strength and comfort to many of the Armenian women. She has also been able to rescue some from the harems. She and her relatives are now in safety, and she is supporting herself and them. She is truly a "heroine," as one of the Armenians told me yesterday.—*M. L. D.*

Late Messages from Turkey Missionaries

MISS SHANE WRITES OF DESPERATE NEED IN THE CAUCASUS

THE general relief work, that is, the feeding of the 68,000 refugees and others, bringing the numbers in the whole district up into hundreds of thousands, has been given over to the government, or, rather, is just being given over. Our ten orphanages of 1,500 and hospital of 500 are getting along nicely now. I have had charge of the ten orphanages, and it has kept me pretty busy getting the work organized. I have arranged a system of accounts and inventories—bi-monthly—that makes leakage in supplies impossible, or practically so, after they reach the orphanages. According to the system which was in use when the government gave the orphanages to us, one could not be sure. What a joy it is to go to the orphanages and see the happy little faces! This afternoon I had occasion to go to the kindergarten which I have newly started with ninety children.

We have just had word that there is danger of massacre in Baku, and we are requested to receive 1000 orphans from there. The buildings are not prepared to receive them—no windows at all—but I have sent out word to have the buildings cleaned, and as there are a number of portable kitchens in the barracks which we can use, we will take the children in and do what we can for them.

Dr. Ussher has gone to Constantinople to urge the matter of repatriation. It seems to most of us that the scheme is not practicable now, and even dangerous, unless some mandatory power comes in which is strong enough and willing to protect the returning Armenians. It seems to us all over here that America should have come in. The British seem to think so, too. They say they have too much on their hands already. And it is doubtful whether any other nation could save the situation here.

Miss Frank has come back with a good interpreter, and has practically taken over the work of the orphanages already organized. I am helping on the accounts, which have been in

the hands of our native assistant, one of the Van teachers, a splendid worker. The employees take their food in the orphanages, and the cost of whatever they purchase from our cloth storeroom and the bread, which they take at reduced rates for their families, is to be deducted from the monthly salary. It is taking quite a bit of work, but it is a great satisfaction to know that money and supplies sent out here are going where they should go. We are cleaning up the shelter houses, and the children who have parents in the city are compelled to stay at home. This relieves the congestion in the shelter houses, and the children there are looking better. Yesterday when I went to one of the houses a little girl said to my interpreter, "Is the American lady going to give us clothes?" Poor little youngsters—all in rags and tatters. We can be thankful that it is summer time. Miss Frank has kindly consented to let the children in the orphanages wait for a change of clothing until more material comes, so that we can make some beginning at getting these new orphans out of their dirty rags. Kazachi Post is not ready, so I'll just have the floors in the shelter houses kept clean, spread down gunny sacks pieced together and put the mattresses on these. The mattresses also are made of gunny sacks filled with hay.

Word came today that four hundred Armenians have been killed by Tartars. Mobilization has been going on for several days. How we long for some strong power to step in here and make things stable!

MISS CHARLOTTE R. WILLARD ASKS FOR HELPERS

I am anxious to get word to you in regard to teachers for our school for the coming year. You doubtless know that Miss Morley is still held by relief work near Beirut. We cannot doubt that she will come here within the coming weeks, but have no word. Miss Ward and Miss Hinman we are sure of. I hope two more teachers will be sent in the autumn. We have a great work before our school. Most of our native teachers have gone. The small group who have stood with us and done steady

hard work need rest. I am asking the W. B. M. to send a strong force (making our number five) as early in the summer as possible. We shall temporarily use some of our buildings during the summer for orphans, but plan to have them free for our regular work before September, when we can house the children elsewhere.

We are *very* busy with school and relief work. Life and death struggle for many souls and bodies, and we are in the thick of the fight and are too full of it to realize all that it means. As to our school work, we have good material among girls who want to come for Junior and Sophomore classes. The preparatory classes will be very large. Many girls of from fourteen to seventeen years of age who have been out of school for four or five years will come for quick courses to fit them for life and work. They need strong teaching and moulding. We now have an enrollment of 225. I plan to start for home as soon as others can take the work.

DR. PARMELEE TELLS OF WORK AT HARPOOT

There are some three thousand orphans and many coming daily to be admitted. Many of those already admitted are out in the country region for the hot months, that they may eat the fruit and get sunburned and strong. Members of the orphanage committee make visits in these outside orphan families, and thus inspect them, and food is sent every week for their needs. Any sickness is cared for, either by sending the children to the city dispensary or by asking for a visit from the medical staff. The housing will be something of a problem, as these thousands gather together in the city in the fall. This opportunity of caring for the little children is a great privilege. Even in this short time we have seen gaunt, lifeless boys and girls become plump and interesting. One young girl looked entirely different after proper bathing and treatment for itch and the provision of new clothes. Self-respect seemed to have been thrown into the bargain.

Our medical work, so far, is practically all for these orphans

and those who are dependent on us in one way or other. In our little dispensary, perhaps eight feet by ten, we have treated as many as 130 cases in a morning, and the numbers in our records have already risen above 300. The other day we instituted a system of tags, so that the children may easily be identified when returning for subsequent treatments or dressings. Of course, we have much malaria, also Aleppo button. One emaciated, grayish-complexioned boy who had been coming to us to get rid of these ugly sores was heard telling a child who had not yet been admitted, who looked several degrees worse than himself, that he must go to the doctor, that he would die if he did not! For some of these under-nourished cases we are using canned milk—oh, that some more might come! Our supplies have not yet come, and we are almost bankrupt of cloth, and the orphans have to wait for their needed clothing and beds. We are able to make a little, and buy some occasionally. An infirmary we have, too, which has twelve to fifteen patients all the time. We have had some severe cases—recurrent fever, bronchitis, malaria and so forth, but most of them are now on the mend. And then among the women rescued from Turkish homes we have had two babies born. This is a class among our dependents to which I should give more attention as soon as we can enlarge our dispensary quarters somewhat.

At present the two nurses and I are up on the hill with the relief workers. After Dr. Ward's arrival, when the hospital has been somewhat repaired and the work up here has been organized, we plan to move down to the plain and begin our work on as systematic a basis as possible. We are preparing the food supplies for the hospital for the winter and tentatively engaging nurses. We wish to take advantage this year of the presence of American trained nurses to train some native young women, and a number have applied, from whom we hope to choose the most hopeful. Some of these candidates have done more or less nursing, and others have been in my class in midwifery.

Statistics are dry, but in our report for the days from June

11-30 we treated nearly 1,150 cases in the dispensary (387 different individuals and about fifty cases in the infirmary).

Editorials

Letters from Claremont, Cal., tell of a beautiful service held in the Congregational Church for Miss Vera Lorbeer on Sunday morning, August 24, just a few days before she sailed for Manzanillo, the nearest port to Guadalajara, where she is to teach in our girls' school. Dr. Henry Kingman presented the Commission with a most appropriate and touching address. Mr. Wagner, a missionary for years in Hermosillo, gave the welcome on behalf of the Mexico Mission, and Dr. Colcord, best known and loved of the college faculty veterans, offered the prayer of consecration.

The Congregational Church at Shrewsbury, Mass., was filled on Sunday morning, September 7, with a congregation which had come to witness the Commission service of Miss Ruth G. Holland, under appointment to Uduvil, Ceylon. Among those present were several representatives of Worcester County Branch, which has pledged Miss Holland's financial support. The Commission was given by Rev. J. H. Dickson of Ceylon. Miss Anne L. Buckley spoke for the Woman's Board, and Mrs. C. H. Burbank brought greetings from Worcester County Branch. The pastor, Rev. Frederick D. Thayer, offered the prayer of consecration. Miss Holland is expecting to sail for Ceylon on September 27.

The Union Congregational Church of Providence, R. I., will open hospitable doors to the Woman's Board November 12-14 and hostesses in many homes will be ready to welcome delegates, members-at-large of the Board, and all women missionaries of both the American and Woman's Boards.

**Two Commission
Services.**

**Fifty-Second
Annual Meeting.**

A program has been arranged which promises features both informing and inspiring under the general topic, *For the Healing of the Nations*. The new text-book, *A Crusade of Compassion* forms the basis of one medical session in which the subject will be enforced and illustrated by addresses from missionary doctors and nurses. Missionaries will be heard in all sessions and may be personally greeted at a reception Wednesday evening.

The Congregational pastors of the city are glad to omit their Thursday night services for the sake of creating a larger audience to hear Dr. James L. Barton give his fresh message from Turkey.

Other speakers will present timely subjects at the various sessions. A commission service may be expected Friday morning.

The young women will rally on Wednesday under the leadership of Miss Ruth Isabel Seabury, Secretary of Young People's Work, for a supper and after-talks from selected speakers.

In line with the "New Idea with a Destiny," as it has been called, — the Church School of Missions — it is arranged to offer outside the regular sessions a brief, intensive training for those who desire to qualify as leaders of study classes in the home churches.

The Rev. Arthur H. Bradford, pastor of Central Church, will conduct the devotional service each day.

M. L. D.

Welcome visitors at the Rooms during the last weeks have been Mrs. Lyndon S. Crawford of Trebizond, who is now with her daughter in Montclair, N. J., and Miss Emily McCallum, who has since visited her sister, Dr. Mary E. Scott, of Ceylon, at East Northfield, and later at the Missionary Home in Auburndale. Miss McCallum expects to return this Fall to the American Collegiate Institute in Smyrna, of which she is principal.

Personals.

Among the missionaries booked to sail for Turkey in September are: Miss Mary I. Ward, returning to Marsovan; Miss Margaret Hinman, of Forest Grove, Oregon, who goes to Marsovan for three years; **Autumn Sailings.** Miss Nina Rice of Sivas and Miss Edith Parsons of Brousa (W. B. M. P.); also Miss Nellie Alice Cole of Trebizond and Miss Ellen Catlin, formerly of Harpoot, but who is now to assist Miss Ethel Putney at Gedik Pasha, Constantinople. A new worker from Springfield, Mass., Miss Lena Dickinson, sailed August 9 for two years' service in Gedik Pasha. Miss Annie M. Denison, recently adopted by the W. B. M., who will take up work in Harpoot, and Miss Jean Turnbull, who expects to begin her services as a trained nurse in the hospital at Harpoot, now in charge of Dr. Mark Ward, will sail in company with Miss Isabelle Harley, returning to Harpoot. All these, also Rev. and Mrs. F. F. Goodsell and Mrs. J. P. McNaughton, who will join her husband in Constantinople, also Mrs. John H. Kingsbury, going to Bardizag, expect to sail from New York October 14.

Miss Lulu G. Bookwalter, principal of the Uduvil Girls' School, is booked to sail for Ceylon September 27, accompanied by Miss Ruth G. Holland, a new teacher for the school. Miss Gertrude Harris goes on the same steamer, returning to her work in the Bible Woman's Training School, Ahmednagar.

Rev. E. S. Tead, D.D., for many years secretary of the Congregational Education Society, died September 8, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Tead is the President of the Suffolk Branch, and will have the sympathy of many friends in her sorrow. **Two Deaths in Congregational House Circle.**

The news of the sudden death of Rev. Frederick W. Means was a shock to the friends in the Congregational House, where for a year he has been serving as assistant in the Home Department of the American Board. Mr. Means was the son of Rev. James H. Means of Dorchester, Mass., and was a successful pastor in Windham, Conn., and in Madison, Me.

before taking up secretarial work with the Missionary Education Society.

He leaves three sons: Paul H., Winthrop J., and Gardner C., who is with the A. C. R. N. E. in Turkey in aviation service; also two brothers and a sister, Miss Miriam B. Means of Dorchester.

After visiting Monastir, Dr. James L. Barton in a letter from Salonica writes as follows regarding Miss Mary L. Matthews:

**A Well-Deserved
Tribute.**

"Miss Matthews is one of the heroines of this war, and deserved the Victoria Cross or something better. The city was under bombardment for the greater part of two years, and she remained there through it all, refusing to leave because of the help she could be to several hundred women and girls. For nearly two months she was ill, and lay in the cellar all the time. Thirteen high explosive shells fell upon some part of the mission premises, tearing great holes in the walls and wrecking rooms. She did not happen to be in that particular part of the house when the shell came! I used the word 'happen,' but one cannot escape from the belief that the Lord's hand was over her and her people, for not one of her women and girls, or, in fact, of the Protestant community, was injured. Miss Matthews was helplessly ill in her cellar when the city was set on fire with incendiary bombs. The fire came to within a block of the mission premises and stopped. She needs a rest, but declares she does not want to leave for a year or more; in fact, the United States Consul at Salonica says he does not see how he can get along without Miss Matthews at Monastir, as she is acting as Vice-Consul in paying money to Bulgarian women whose husbands are in America sending funds for the support of their families."

The Financial Statement this month shows reason for great encouragement. The gain in contributions of \$22,520 in this year of High Cost of Living proves how vital is the love for this work in the hearts of its friends. We recognize gratefully the arduous

**Treasury Hopes
and Fears.**

labor and the generous giving which have led to this splendid gain. Surely we have ground to hope that October 18th will bring us to our goal of \$195,000 or beyond. Yet we realize there is danger lest this early success shall lead to remission of effort. Let us not forget that, in spite of this large advance, there must, before the books close, be an additional gain of \$9,000 if our aim is to be reached. The gifts were unusually large during the closing weeks of 1918 and to surpass them by several thousand dollars means that everyone will need to do her utmost.

Has it proved that the \$195,000 so cheerfully adopted as a goal at Syracuse will be needed? Yes, every cent of it! The following facts are enlightening. We have been obliged to pay this year to correct unfavorable rates of exchange \$17,054. The traveling expenses of our missionaries last year were much beyond the average, nevertheless our traveling account charges this year are already greater by \$8,500. We must look forward to making considerably larger appropriations for 1920 than originally estimated, for many missionary salaries must be raised and larger sums be appropriated for all lines of work. So during the few days that remain before the books close for the year let us every one do her part to make sure that the \$195,000 so necessary for the work is obtained.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, AUGUST 1—31, 1919

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from Investments and Deposits	TOTAL
1918	\$3,671.45	\$190.00	\$137.50	\$427.98	\$4,426.93
1919	4,629.76	678.00	244.67	359.35	5,911.78
Gain	\$958.31	\$488.00	\$107.17		\$1,484.85
Loss				\$68.63	

OCTOBER 18, 1918—AUGUST 31, 1919

1918	\$109,471.82	\$9,300.02	\$18,313.84	\$7,135.51	\$144,221.19
1919	129,374.54	11,917.77	17,864.51	7,632.98	166,789.80
Gain	\$19,902.72	\$2,617.75		\$497.47	\$22,568.61
Loss			\$449.33		

Among Russian Refugees

IN the spring of 1918, the Japan Mission generously loaned several of its workers to the Red Cross for relief work among the starving refugees in Siberia. Among those who went four thousand miles into the interior were two young women missionaries, Miss Amy McKowan and Miss Alice Cary. They endured hardship unflinchingly and brought cheer to thousands of miserable fugitives. Miss Cary returned in the early summer to her work in Japan; but Miss McKowan feels the tug of the need at Tomsk so compelling that she has regretfully tendered her resignation to the Woman's Board, and will for the present go on with the Red Cross work. The vacancy thus created at Osaka in our Plum Blossom school will be difficult to fill, and the Japan Mission is contributing at sacrifice to the urgent need in the Far North.

We quote from a recent Red Cross *Bulletin* an account by Major Kendall Emerson, U. S. A., of the strenuous tasks which four young American women are carrying on among the refugees. With Miss McKowan are several Y. W. C. A. workers, one of whom is Miss Margaret Matthew, so well known in New England. The frontispiece shows the Red Cross staff at Tomsk.

"Five hundred dead from exposure! Such was the S. O. S. that reached American Red Cross headquarters in Vladivostok before the first of last December. The call came from Tomsk, the University City of Siberia, a center of learning, and situated in a wealthy district. For the latter reason, no doubt, it had suffered from an extraordinary drenching of refugees when the tempest of fugitives first swept eastward from European Russia.

"The Siberian Commission of the Red Cross was sadly short of man power at this moment, but it had something better—woman power—available. So four of the best type of America's most priceless product were dispatched with a few carloads of supplies and no instructions save to stop the trouble, whatever it was. And they did. Consul D'Ille received them and helped

them find an abiding place in a rickety old hotel, giving them the use of part of his consulate for their office. Mr. Gibson, an English mining engineer, was pressed into service, and both these volunteers helped much in starting the organization, as they had been long-time residents in Siberia and spoke Russian freely. Together, this committee of six bolstered up the flagging courage of the distracted city officials, secured Russian workers to assist them and began their campaign.

WOMEN START INDUSTRY

"By this time the winter crowding had hatched typhus, and the care of the sick complicated relief work. None of these girls was a nurse and no doctors could be supplied. Nothing daunted, these women acted as both, adding scientific sanitation to their newly acquired accomplishments. Miss Matthew was in charge of the work and directed distribution of supplies,



Refugees in the Barracks

housing, cleansing of barracks and employment, assisted by Mrs. Stier and Miss Appenzeller, while Miss McKowan opened a sewing room for women, and succeeded in commandeering twenty sewing machines, and later twenty more, all foot-power machines, and all busy every working hour of the day. In March we saw this sewing room in full swing with piles of the much-needed garments growing day by day under the nimble fingers of the refugee women, who worked with faces alight and joyful in the comfortable great room secured for the purpose.

"Fortunately there are large immigration barracks at Tomsk, and these were fully packed with families, hungry still, to be sure, but no longer starving. By following methods familiar at a sardine packing plant, Miss Matthew moved in rotation the dwellers in one building temporarily into another, stacking them two deep for the moment when necessary. Then the first barracks was fumigated, scrubbed, whitewashed and repaired; the same general line of treatment was administered to its former inhabitants, and they were returned sleek and new-clad to the rehabilitated home. So the typhus situation was met and was in a fair way to be overcome; so the general health was improved and the morale raised.

"A neat little hospital has been established, its equipment pathetically scanty, but its conception right and with the hoped-for personnel and supplies it will enhance still further the effectiveness of the housing scheme.

"In one crowded home, consisting of a room fifteen feet square and swarming with children, we came upon a little lad in bed with acute tuberculosis of the spine. No treatment had been given and his back was slowly growing more deformed until paralysis of the legs had begun. The simplest medical knowledge could have prevented this if taken in time. In another home was a girl of fourteen with the face of an angel and an expression of eager intelligence. She begged Miss Matthew for some work at the office to help support the family, but when questioned confessed that she could neither read nor write. On being mildly chided for this, her dark eyes filled

with tears and she answered, 'It's not my fault. I never had a chance.' She summed up in one phrase the whole sorry spectacle of the Russia of today.

CHILDREN WITHOUT A CHANCE

"In the worst homes lived several families with eight or ten children, all barefoot and clad only in the thinnest rags, while a wintry blizzard howled outside. For months they had been unable to get a breath of fresh air for the bitter cold, unable to go to school, their bloodless faces and pinched little arms and legs bearing eloquent witness to their dearth of adequate food. On a bed of planks in one corner lay a young mother, too ill to raise her head, feebly pressing to her shrunk breast a baby of six weeks, a little old man of a baby already gaunt and gray with that aged eye-weariness that spells starvation in these tiny mites.

"With the entrance into that squalor of those four clean, hearty American Red Cross girls came an instant transformation. '*Zdrasvit'es*' were said, the little lads shook hands, the lassies courtesied demurely, while into every hopeless face returned a gleam of life, the look that reflects human sympathy, the expression reserved for a friend."

A Bible Conference at Peking

By Elizabeth Sheffield Stelle

Last Friday ended one of the most delightful pieces of work that I have had the joy of participating in since I came to China.

Just look at the group of women in the picture opposite, and know that they are all Bible women coming from our four stations in Chihli. From May twenty-seventh to June twelfth we met for study and conference. They were so eager for everything that it was an inspiration to all who helped in the teaching. They had a full program. Beginning with morning prayer at eight-thirty, classes were held until twelve, then from two to five in the afternoon.

The representation was: Paotingfu, five; Tientsin, three; Tunghsien, five; Peking, fourteen; and then others came in, one from the Presbyterian and one from the London mission. The teachers were Mrs. Sheffield, Miss Reed, Miss Andrews, Miss Wu and myself. Then Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Li, Dr. Goodrich and others gave talks on general subjects. Miss Abbie Chapin gave two full mornings to a symposium on methods and practical difficulties.

How I wish you could have seen them! They wanted all they could get and were constantly thinking how they could make use of it. My special subject was Bible stories. I used topics and showed how the telling of stories brought out the teaching. Dear Miss Andrews came every afternoon and gave a wonderful



Bible Women at Conference
Mrs. Stelle in Center of Front Row

course on Bible characters. We all had our outlines mimeographed, so the women could take them home.

In talking with our Tunghsien Bible women, I said that I felt the greatest uplift would be in their coming together, and several spoke of feeling more united and knowing each other so much better. We feel that it was time well spent, and hope the work of the women through the coming days will show the new uplift that has come into their lives.

His Messengers

"Witness the women, of His children sweetest,—
Scarcely earth seeth them, but earth shall see;
Thou in their woe Thine agony completest,
Christ, and their solitude is nigh to Thee.

What is this psalm from pitiable places
Glad where the messengers of peace have trod?
Whose are these beautiful and holy faces
Lit with their loving and aflame with God?

Eager and faint, empassionate and lonely,
These in their hour shall prophesy again;
This is His will Who hath endured and only
Sendeth the promise where He sends the pain.

Aye, unto these distributed the Giver
Sorrow and sanctity and loves them well,
Grants them a power and passion to deliver
Hearts from the prison house and souls from hell."

From Rev. Frederick W. H. Meyer's "St. Paul."

The Story of Surajbai

A Patient at the Ahmednagar Hospital

By Dr. Ruth P. Hume

ONE day a call came to the hospital for some one to attend a confinement case in the city. Our matron, Tulsabai, went and found that a midwife who had already been there had mismanaged the case, so the patient was sure to have a long, hard time of it. Some hours later she sent me a note, and I went to see her. I encouraged her and made some suggestions. Towards evening Tulsabai saw her again and told them that they must bring her to the hospital for prompt attention or the baby would surely die. They agreed to do so, and we prepared to take care of her at once. But after a little the friends brought a carriage, asking me to go to the house. It seemed the only thing to do, and Tulsabai and I went. I told them that the baby had absolutely no chance of living at home, but that perhaps we might save it at the hospital.

Then they told me a tale which it seems to me belongs to past centuries in enlightened countries, but the sort of thing which crops up every little while in countries like India. The patient, Surajbai, a Marwadi woman, was married eighteen months ago and is the second wife. First wives in India sometimes have a very bad character! Immediately after the wedding ceremonies Surajbai saw a ghost whom she described. The people told her she was no other than the first wife, and the clothes Surajbai described were the ones in which she was burned. Surajbai was ill for a week, and all the wedding guests remained until her recovery.

A year ago a sister-in-law gave birth to a child, and all went well until the thirteenth day, when the first wife took possession of the sister-in-law. She spoke through her and said, "Do what you please. But I shall go off with this woman within eight hours." She pointed out her husband, her father-in-law, etc. And sure enough the woman died within eight hours. Then two months before Surajbai's baby was expected she saw both these

ghosts talking in front of the door of the house in Ahmednagar, where Surajbai had now been brought. They said, "We have no right or permission to enter this house. But when Surajbai goes out a month after the baby arrives, we will take her away then." Naturally every one was much perturbed and distracted. Surajbai's father visited burial grounds and burning places, but could get no sight of the ghosts. That first wife did, however, give trouble to her husband. The friends sent to a wise man in Marwar (from whence all the Marwadis, or Marwaris, originally came), who gave them nails over which he had spoken *mantras*. The father took me around the house and showed where these nails had been put in the doorsills and other places. He said, "We are not afraid here in this house, for every precaution has been taken. But when we brought the carriage to take Surajbai to the hospital, she said, 'I shall die.'"

Of course, with such terror in their hearts it was impossible to insist on her leaving the house. And they were far more concerned about the recovery of the mother than for the life of the child. So we remained at the house. Tulsabai stayed in the room with her and I went in and out. I talked with the men of the family about their fears, the war, etc. The father asked if I were married. When I said I was not, he brought a round tin box containing a small amount of precious ointment, composed of lamp black, clarified butter and other potent ingredients, all of which he claimed not to know the names. This ointment, when spread on the palm of the hand of an unmarried person, is said to confer on that person the power to call up people who have died and to talk with them. Of course, I had no faith in such witchcraft. But I saw it would be a very great comfort to the old gentleman if I would prove its potency or otherwise, and incidentally call up these ghosts. So I let him spread it on my hands. In five or ten minutes I should have seen stars and then a very bright light. And after that the departed spirits would be subject to my call. But I saw no stars or bright light, and was consequently unable to call them up. The father claimed to be convinced that the ointment has no virtue.

After a while the mother of Surajbai called out to take her to the hospital. I went in and found that they had decided she was not going to get on at home and wished to come in spite of all her terrors! When I found they were really in earnest, they called a carriage and one of the men carried her on his back down the narrow stairs. We operated on her as promptly as possible, but, alas! the baby had died. The mother kept me on the anxious bench for a while. But in spite of infection which the midwife had conveyed to the patient on top of the rest of the mismanagement, Surajbai made a good recovery.

I was able to assure them that no ghosts were involved in the matter, but that God had helped us to hasten her recovery. As far as I know, she saw no more ghosts in the ten days or two weeks she was here. The morning after she came in we asked what they wanted to do about her remaining or going home. The father replied that as long as she had left home for a single hour, it did not matter if she stayed longer.

Beautiful Lives in Korea

By Marguerite G. English

Miss English is from New Haven, Conn., a Vassar graduate, class of 1908, and is teaching in the school for missionary children at Pyeng Yang, Korea. As she is a Congregationalist, she has loyally remembered "Life and Light" by sending this interesting sketch.—The Editor.

OUT here in Korea I have found "The Most Beautiful Thing in the World" among the Korean women. I didn't realize until now that all my life I have been longing and looking for the beautiful things in the world, and now to have found so unexpectedly this most beautiful thing—beautiful lives—is a wonderful revelation.

Like King Timon, I have been thinking that other things were very beautiful, worthy of the highest enjoyment, but like him in Fletcher Swift's little book, I have found myself mistaken.

Just let me take you with me into the closing days of the

Korean women's city Bible class in Pyeng Yang held in the Bible Institute building, and I will show you how all that I have said is true.

We were given a holiday in our school on Friday to celebrate Washington's Birthday, so that is how I had the splendid opportunity of visiting the city Bible class during the last two days of their session.

You may wonder why I wanted to go, knowing as little of the Korean language as I do—well, I went just for the sake of looking into the faces of those dear Korean women, young and old, so that I might receive some of the joy and inspiration which they were receiving. Of course, I didn't go for instruction, for how could one get much instruction in so short a time, and I didn't go to study the language nor learn new words either, for those come without my looking for them. My heart was with the women, and when I tried to grasp the high-water marks in the discussion by means of my small and limited vocabulary, it was just the desire to understand more fully the big joy they were receiving.

The opening exercises were led by Dr. Baird, one of our oldest missionaries out here. His talk to the women was on the verse, "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." I know that this talk made a deep impression on the women, for Dr. Baird is a man of great spiritual power and influence.

The first class I attended was led by Miss Doriss. There is no need of my saying much about a person of magnetic personality and unusual ability when I tell you that she has full charge. The enrollment as well as the daily program are in her hands. She talked about "Laying up one's treasures in heaven." You would have enjoyed watching the eagerness with which the women listened to her words. She used a splendid outline, too, which I took home to study with my teacher. Each woman was given one of these printed outlines.

The next class was brimming over with interest and pleasure. After listening to Mrs. Phillips give an illustrated blackboard

talk on the parable of "the Sower" and hearing her talk Korean with apparently no effort, it made me feel what a joy it must be to teach these women in their own language. There were several young girls in her class between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, whose mothers could not afford to keep them in school. I was glad that they realized their education was not yet finished. They were just as good about paying attention and as eager to answer questions as were the older women. I had a hard time tearing myself away from that class and suppose I would have missed my luncheon if Miss Doriss hadn't called to get me.

At quarter before one I was back again on the Bible Institute platform watching the nearly four hundred women, clad all in white with white head-bands, assemble for a testimony meeting. It is an impressive sight to see so many seated on straw matting and crowded so close together, with sometimes only a white-covered head showing. I never tire of their white garments, for some look like angels in them. Different ones, old and young alike, testified for over an hour about all that Christ meant in their lives. I was sorry when the meeting was over, for I felt that there might be someone there who wanted to testify and receive a blessing from so doing, but did not get the chance.

After this meeting was over I went with Miss Doriss over to the Girls' School to listen to her class in Romans. The girls all seemed deeply interested in the lesson, which was based on the sixth chapter. Then came a language class for us beginners, taught by one of the missionaries. We studied euphonic changes for over an hour.

The next morning I made a lightning-speed trip down-town so as to get back in time for Mrs. Swallen's class in Philippians. Mrs. Swallen has taught many years and is an excellent teacher. Each day young and old memorized a Bible verse, and so at the beginning of the lesson, this being the last day, they recited all the verses they had learned. Among them were: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus" and "For me to live

is Christ, and to die is gain." She showed a personal interest in every one in her class, which I noticed from some of the inquiries she made. At the close of the period she gave ten minutes for testimonies, which many made most eagerly. They get much pleasure in telling others what they had received. Then came the question from Mrs. Swallen: "How many have done personal work for Christ?" A few hands were raised. Following this she asked: "How many have received blessings from these meetings and will go back and do personal work?" Nearly every hand was raised. These results seem to glorify Jesus Christ our Saviour, and I know that the Holy Spirit had been in their midst, for these women were finding their greatest joy in planning to give to others what they themselves had received.

Now, to come back to the words of King Timon as to the most beautiful thing in the world, "A loving life, a life which is full of kind deeds and thoughts, the life which finds its greatest joy in giving up to others what is its own, the life which amid its own sorrow and suffering thinks of the suffering and sorrow of other lives—*that is the most beautiful thing in the world.*" And this is illustrated in the lives of these Korean women who have become followers of Christ.

The Missionary's Aim

To go with calm and smiling face
Among my fellow men,
With seeing eyes, alert and keen
For sin and sorrow—then
To lift my heart in silent prayer
For strength and grace to say
Some word that Jesus might have said
Had He passed by that way.

—SARAH CRANE, in *Woman's Work*.

Board of the Pacific

President, MRS. E. A. EVANS

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Editorials

Rose Beals, written so simply and modestly in the guest book at our headquarters, means much to us, for we had never seen her before. We sat spell-bound for a never-to-be-forgotten hour while she told us the story of the hospital work at **Bound for India.** Wai. It was like that other "upper room," so different from ours, when the Master opened the minds of the disciples so that they understood. We saw the stronghold of Brahminism on the river Krishna, as she saw it, and we realized for the first time why she had gone back to the place of her birth in this wonderful ministry, and marveled that we could have a part in such a service as that. And it was like that walk with the Master when the hearts of the travelers did burn within them; we certainly have never had a vision like that before; and may the loving sympathy and eager desire kindled in that tender hour at the feet of our devoted worker never leave us, but lead us to sincere effort for the uplift of Indian womanhood.

At luncheon we met Dr. Lester Beals and the charming children, also Miss Fowler, Miss Gordon, Miss Wheeler, Miss Fairbanks, and others of the India party, who sailed on the S. S. Santa Cruz. We wish San Francisco might always be on the route to India.

Rev. and Mrs. Harold B. Barber of Mazatlan, Mexico, have made their headquarters in Oakland, Calif., for the summer, getting acquainted with Plymouth Church folk, **Personal.** who have adopted them as their special missionaries. They spent two weeks with Miss Henrietta Brewer at her summer home in Carmel and ten days at the Summer Conference of the Missionary Education Movement and the Interchurch World Movement at Asilomar, Calif. Mr. Barber went on to attend the Seabeck, Washington, Conference.

It has been decided that it will be best for Mrs. Barber to remain in Oakland the next few months. Mr. Barber left for the South and Mazatlan on the 22nd of August.

Resolutions at Asilomar Conference

Two sets of resolutions were acted upon at the Asilomar Conference this year which are presented herewith:

At the Congregational meeting there were voted:

Recommendations to the Northern and Southern California Conferences of Congregational churches.

"Recognizing the value and the need of trained leadership among the young people of our denomination, we, the Congregationalists assembled at Asilomar during the conference of the Interchurch World Movement, July 15-25, 1919, hereby petition the Boards of Directors of the Conferences of Northern and Southern California that plans be laid toward the establishment of an annual summer conference one week in length, where a definite program, including Bible Study, Missions, Teacher Training, Denominational History, General Sunday School Methods and Young People's Societies Methods shall be planned and carried out by means of the best expert training our denomination affords."

One session of the class on the "Principles of Program Building," which was conducted by Mrs. Paul Raymond, was devoted to plans of various Boards for enlisting the co-operation of women who have been interested in Red Cross work. So deep was the interest aroused that at the suggestion of Mr. John R. Voris, Divisional Secretary of the Interchurch World Movement, Pacific Division, a committee was appointed from the class to prepare the following resolutions, which were submitted to the entire Conference at its closing session and unanimously adopted, upon motion of Rev. H. F. Laflamme, the official representative in the Conference of the National Staff of the Interchurch Movement:

WHEREAS: We understand that the Red Cross is considering the establishment of Red Cross hospitals in foreign countries, inasmuch as the acute need of hospital supplies caused by the war is diminishing in Europe;

WHEREAS: Such channels of opportunity for the conservation of world health are already established in the form of mission hospitals, that are waiting only for increased equipment to enlarge their work, which has been greatly depleted because of the war relief work the missionaries have done;

WHEREAS: The Red Cross in the course of its war work has developed a most complete organization for the supply of all such equipment, which should not be allowed to collapse, and has transformed thousands of inefficient women into trained, competent women who should not be lost to humanitarian service;

WHEREAS: There have already been individual cases of fine co-operation between the Red Cross and the Mission Boards and hospitals, both at home and in the field;

BE IT RESOLVED: That this Conference request the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions to lay before the Red Cross authorities a budget of the needs of the various mission hospitals of all denominations on all fields; that they distribute to all local Red Cross chapters an attractive leaflet illustrating these needs.

That the Federation propose to the Red Cross authorities that the Red Cross, manned as it is in large part by church members, undertake the regular supply of such hospital equipment as the first step in its post-war extension work, a step which could thus be undertaken immediately without incurring the expense of, or spending time waiting for, the establishment of Red Cross hospitals in those countries.

That, in event of the Red Cross authorities agreeing to work through such channels already open, the Federation recommend to the church women of all denominations the maintenance of Red Cross units in the churches as during the war, and the full co-operation of the church women in Red Cross work, instead of forming new hospital units for the production of hospital supplies for their own mission hospitals, under the new emblem and the new organization of the White Cross—always with the guarantee from the Red Cross that all mission hospitals shall be adequately supplied with hospital equipment.

That as an immediate step in the right direction of such full co-operation between the Federation and the Red Cross, the members of this Conference, working inter-denominationally, shall seek some co-operation between their local Red Cross units and the hospital work of the church, making report of all such co-operation to their denominational boards, and shall, through adequate publicity and personal contact, bring before the Red Cross units the great humanitarian opportunities of medical missions.

MRS. GRACE JACOBS, Baptist,
MRS. LEONARD G. THOMPSON, Christian,
MISS ELISABETH BENTON, Congregational,
MISS FLORENCE LANGDON, Episcopalian,
MRS. HARRY RIMMER, Friends,
MISS GLADYS OGBORN, Methodist.
MRS. J. C. ALTER, United Presbyterian.
MR. ROBERT FREEMAN, *Chairman*, Presbyterian.
Committee.

Field Correspondents

Miss Carolyn Welles of Sholapur, India, writes as follows:

So much has happened since I last wrote you that I hardly know where to begin. It seems hard to realize that so much could happen in the space of six months. As this is the hot season, schools are closing and missionaries are getting ready to go up to the hills for the holidays. Our little kindergarten and primary school has closed after a very happy year of work. I did not realize what an important institution I was connected with until we had inspections by government officials. Inspection day is the cause of great excitement, and the result of a great deal of hard work. We prepare for it weeks ahead of time, for we want our program to go off without a flaw. The little tots that come to our kindergarten are mostly from humble homes, many consisting of nothing more than a thatched roof and a few cooking vessels, and their parents being poor, most of them are ill-nourished and underfed. So it often takes a long time to get a response from them. They have not the life and energy of American children, and seem content to "just sit" on the circle and listen to the teacher's words. Sometimes it makes us wonder if they hear, for not a response comes to the little talk that we may be giving. However, when a few weeks have passed and they have finally realized what you have been trying to do all this time, they respond very nicely, and the inspector who sees the finished product is extremely pleased with the result, and we feel repaid for the weeks we have worked, making an interesting program.

Some of the things that greatly impress these inspectors, who are educated Indians, are the quiet that reigns, the control the teachers have over the children, their obedience and their real interest in their work. This, too, is the result of the patient endeavor, and we are glad that the inspector does not come on the first day of school; he might think differently about our little wild Indians. The girl teachers, too, look so nice and quiet, dignified, well poised and sweet, and it is an eye-opener

to many an inspector, for these girls are also of humble origin. Our training school and kindergarten are the only ones of their kind in the Bombay Presidency, where all the work is carried on in the vernacular, and so we want to have it the very best of its kind, and show India what splendid results can be accomplished from poor material. I wish every one of you could have visited us last Friday. It was the last day, and we had invited the parents to come and see what the children were doing. The children do look so cute sitting on the circle, all washed, and their hair glistening with oil that they all use. Their eyes beam with pleasure and anticipation, for they all like to show their parents all the new little stunts that they can do. The room looked so pretty, for the girls and Miss Seller, during the blackboard drawing hour, had drawn and colored flowers and butterflies all over them, and it truly looked as if summer had actually come. Plants were placed in every window and near the piano, and the sweet fragrance of the blossoming trees came in through the window, and truly we were a veritable child's garden. In a few days the school compound will be a deserted one, for the girls are leaving for the holidays. Each one had made much improvement since last June, and another year, too, will see a big difference.

Like everybody else in the world, we all had to pass through the influenza epidemic. I never want to see such days again. They were weary and heartrending days, but our little family of girls all got over it, and for that we are most grateful. One could not bear to hear a step on the verandah for fear it was the bearer of more sad news, and it seemed as if we could not bear any more sorrow. But they are all over now, and there is nothing left to remember it by except a very thin braid of hair and some tell-tale bald spots. It is great fun now to pick out in a crowd the ones who have had the "flu" by the amount of hair they have left on their heads.

In November I went to Bombay and took my first-year language examination. I spent most of my time taking the examination or doing a lot of shopping, as it does not pay to

lose the chance at a few good stores. But I did manage to see a little bit of that big cosmopolitan city. About the most interesting thing to me were the crowds, for you see all kinds of people, from all parts of the East, and their headgear and costume are each a little different from the other. If you looked upward you might easily imagine you were in some continental city, but if you look on the street you would know you were in the East. One day I saw something that amused me. I was waiting for a trolley car at one of the most crowded and important street corners of the city. Pretty soon a lovely white cow came walking past me, just as calmly and self-possessed as you please. It seemed so ridiculous to see this creature walking on the sidewalk of a principal street, but no one else seemed to think so, and many stroked her sides as she passed by in order to gain merit.

Bombay has a beautiful waterfront, and one afternoon we drove along by the ocean, watching the sunset on the horizon. I will never forget what a pleasant encounter my friend and I had with a Mohammedan lady and her daughter. We had gotten out of the carriage and walked up to a Mohammedan tomb, which was built high up by the water's edge. We were watching the water dash up against the rocks when this lady, dressed in white trousers such as many Mohammedan ladies wear, a robin's egg blue silk jumper, and a lovely filmy white scarf thrown over her head and shoulders, came down the long flight of white steps leading up to the tomb. She was accompanied by her daughter, a sweet-looking young girl, and by a male attendant. We thought it would be nice to go up inside and see what it was like, so we approached the lady, and as she could only speak Urdu and we Marathi, we had to make our request known by gestures. She was delighted to show us, and when we had taken off our shoes she led us up. There was not much to see, but the pleasant part of the incident was meeting her and her daughter. They were very much interested in us, and my friend understood enough Urdu to know that they thought us very polite and ladylike. They are not used to being spoken to

in a friendly way, and our unconscious friendliness pleased them very much. As we stepped into our carriage, we felt we had made friends, and I longed to be able to visit her some day in her home and renew our acquaintance. It was not very much that we had done, but smiles and friendliness go a long way in bringing sunshine into one's life.

From Bombay I went far to the north to Lahore, which is known to many of us through "Kim." On the train I refreshed my memory by re-reading "Kim." It is about an eighteen-hour journey from Bombay to Lahore through a flat, uninteresting country. Lahore is fascinating. I hardly know how to tell you about it. It is the principal city of the Punjab and an intellectual centre. The present native city, I am told, is one of the most interesting in India, and though I can't say whether that is true or not, still it was the most interesting spot I had seen in India. One afternoon my friend and I spent our time wandering around the narrow streets poking our heads into various shops, especially where the goldsmiths were making the streets echo with the blows of their mallets. The city is divided up into different bazaars, and the people who carry on different trades live in these bazaars, just like the days of the guilds in England years ago. The brass and copper bazaars were the most interesting, for there you see pots, pans and vessels of every kind used by the people in their homes. The streets are crowded with people, mostly men from all parts of the Punjab, and are conspicuous for the absence of women. We came through the city and ended at a great big mosque, called the Royal Mosque, built by a king in the seventeenth century, but known as the Bloody Mosque, as the funds for building it were derived from the confiscated estates of his brother, whom he put to death; it has consequently never been popular as a place of prayer. We climbed one of the largest minarets and arrived just in time to watch the sun set in all its glory of glowing colors of reds, orange, yellows and greens out in the plains beyond. At our feet the smoke was beginning to rise from the "home-fires" of countless families. As we looked down on those innumerable

roofs one could not help wonder what the life of those people was, whether it was full of tragedy or joy, pain or pleasure, sin or goodness. Far up there on that minaret it was hard to realize that now I was a part of that Eastern life, life that one has read about with wonder, full of a certain kind of romance mixed with pain. As the smoke rose higher and higher, and became thicker and thicker, the cathedral towers that were beyond were seen dimly as through a veil, and I felt as if I were in a kind of dreamland, far from the world below.

My home-coming was a sad one, for the day after I arrived my dear friend, Mary Harding, was called to her heavenly home. She had been ill, but no one realized that she was in any danger at all, but thought that she was merely tired out and needing a rest in bed. But she had suffered twenty years with organic heart trouble, and as she told me once herself that her heart would get so tired some day that it would just stop beating, so it happened, and we who must go on with the work that she started cannot help but feel that God did what was best, for if He had spared her life to us and to her work it would have only been to many days and nights of pain. It has been a rare privilege to me to have lived one year with such a beautiful, sweet and unselfish character. She had a heart full of love and sympathy for all who came near her, and those who lived under the influence of her loving heart were transformed by the very power of her love. Her friendship and love are a precious memory to me now and also a great source of strength. Though naturally timid and not physically strong, she was braver than most people who have good health, and in spite of her handicap accomplished a great amount of work. I like to think that I can go on here carrying forward this work which she began for these girls and little children whom she loved and worked for twenty years, and it is my wish so to live in the spirit of God's love and strength and of Miss Harding's loving friendship that the ideals that she stood for and lived for may grow year after year in the hearts of the children and girls who have known her.

Conscripts of Conscience

A SERIAL STORY

By Caroline Atwater Mason

(Continued)

"YOU AMERICANS DO NOT COMPREHEND."

A few weeks later Mary Earle reached the parish house where was held at this hour of this particular afternoon the periodical meeting of the State Board of Foreign Missions, of which Mrs. Lorimer at seventy-five was a still indispensable member. By no means, however, was Mary inclined to venture into the presence of the Board, regarded by her from her childhood as august to a degree. She approached the door of the room wherein she supposed it gathered, but so complete was the silence, no sound coming to her through the massive closed doors, that fear seized her lest, being later than she had intended, the meeting had adjourned. Disturbed at the idea of seeming guilty of disregarding the promise to call for her grandmother, Mary softly opened the door. Expecting to find the place empty, she took a step across the threshold. A hand reached out even as she would have drawn back; she found herself gently detained, and her grandmother, whose place was just before the door, drew her to a seat near her before she could demur.

"I was wishing that you would come, Mary," Mrs. Lorimer whispered. "I know you will be interested in what is on the program now. Business took long, but it is just over, and this last half-hour of the meeting is free to our friends."

In fact, as she spoke an inner door was pushed open and six or eight young women filed quietly into the room and took seats in the background. Looking around her, Mary observed with a certain curiosity the score or more of older women seated about the long, polished table which occupied the middle of the committee chamber. Some of them knew and recognized her with a smile of affectionate greeting; others were strangers. All of them, she perceived, were women of character, distinction

and serious purpose; certain of them were young; others, like her grandmother, were venerable.

For Mary's further impressions of the occasion, as well as for certain other concerns of hers, we may refer to a letter written that same evening to her friend, Kate Quimby, in New York.

"Your letter makes me more than ever eager to get back to college," ran the letter. "You will see me some day next week, I think. My family are sweetly reasonable, never think of interfering with my movements, and yet I find myself so loved in this house that it sometimes fairly makes me cry. Also, it compensates for the sterner entourage we have left behind. I know you will feel as I do. Life here at home is even dearer than we dreamed it, and yet how quickly you and I would leave it all again if we were to hear the call of desperate need overseas as we did two years ago.

"But to return to the Earles! Really, Kate, as a unit they are to be recommended; you positively must know them before long and they you. But they are the busiest set you ever encountered, and no one of them concerns herself over much with the affairs of the others. It occurs to me that, as a family, we keep our interests in water-tight compartments. Nothing much either gets in or out.

"For example, as long as I have known her, my grandmother has held an official position, somewhat conspicuous, in her State Mission Board. I suppose mother, who is all for missions, you know, as well as for a thousand other things, may talk to granny at times about her Board matters, but I never heard her. Each goes her own way. For my own part, since I became too big to save pennies in a painted box for the heathen, I have dismissed them practically from my mind. I never considered the matter definitely anyway, but I believe I had a sense that, with a fraction of mother and all of grandmother to look after them they would do pretty well. I fancy you have been better trained; it seems to me I remember a missionary magazine on your desk last year, you proper child. Perhaps you took the precaution not to read it, though.

"Today something rather interesting happened. By fair means or otherwise I was smuggled into the Counsels of the Saints, by which I mean into granny's most noble Mission Board meeting, and what I heard from a shy and slender woman, a missionary from some (to me) vague part of India, at home 'on furlough,' has made a strange impression on my mind. Probably this is because said mind is virgin soil, for it is a fact that I have lived in this Christian family of mine essentially in heathen darkness as far as heathen are concerned. My own fault, of course.

"But anyway, it wasn't what this furloughed saint said so much as what she was. I must tell you, at this point, that mother has a new hobby, which is that it is *most* important for a woman up to forty-five to preserve in herself a certain something which she calls 'glamour,' and which she defines as charm, but also more than charm, including, if I understand her, a touch of mystery. It is something, my dear, you are hereby warned, which girls who go in for medicine and such-like pursuits do not possess. But that is neither here nor there.

"To tell the truth, I thought dear mamma just a trifle ridiculous a week ago when she talked about this quality of 'glamour,' but I was straightway brought to book this very afternoon. For the lady from India *had* it,—but not precisely mamma's brand. I divined in five minutes her possession of charm, yet of something far beyond charm. I cannot hope to convey it to you better than mother conveyed her idea to me. But try to realize, if you can, Katie dear, this slender gracile, perhaps almost ascetic figure wearing its best, carefully preserved black taffeta gown, with a slight gold chain (which you knew with certainty had belonged to her dead mother) around a throat as white as any book heroine's, and much more modestly concealed than are throats of present-day heroines. Then you must note her hair, quite gray, and gray quite too soon, brushed off severely, but fluffing itself out spontaneously to wave near delicately pencilled black eyebrows, the face rather too pale and in general thin and careworn, the features refined but not

remarkable, the whole face dominated by the eyes. There dwelt the *glamour*, Kate; I can't describe them, I can only feel them; eyes that had faced confusion worse than death fearlessly, though the creature was so frail and not young like us, among a people—this was taken quite as a matter of course—who are, when in their natural state, half-naked savages capable of any deed of violence you can conceive.

"When she smiled, the light in this woman's eyes seemed to me to have something in it like what I think must be in Christ's eyes—a joy, a pity, an anguish and a hope unutterable. You see what I try to show you *is* a mystery.

"Being of a practical turn, you will want to know what my furloughed saint discoursed about. There I am rather at a loss. She was an official, reporting to those who had sent her on the institutions which they sustain, in a perfectly matter-of-fact fashion. Little touches, like the fearsome savages whose minds she had formerly tutored, were pre-supposed and had to be sketched in afterwards for me by granny. I believe she has recently been given an educational post in some semi-civilized Hindu centre; she gave certain statistics of a school, also of a hospital. This last, of course, interested me, and I could see it did my furloughed saint also. Her eyes grew larger and more solemn when she spoke of little native girls in this hospital who at twelve are wives and mothers, and of child outcastes in conditions infinitely worse.

"These conditions were taken by the Board women as altogether familiar, but I knew by the faces of a few outsiders how my own must have changed, 'hardened worldling' as I felt in that presence. And then the missionary, in answer to questions put by the officers, admitted that *for lack of Christian women physicians* this hospital, the only one anywhere in the region, is now likely to be closed. I almost jumped up and declared that such proceeding would be a crime, but I looked at granny's dear old face and saw under all its seriousness that this was not a new or unexpected thing. For sweet mercy's sake, if they are going to open hospitals, Kate, why don't they see to it that they

have doctors to run them? I stop right here, my dear, perceiving my question might be answered in a number of different ways, none particularly gratifying in this twentieth century of the Christian era.

"Afterwards I met the missionary lady a minute as granny insisted; and, of course, I put a revised version of this question to her. She made absolutely no answer, but I shall not forget. at least not so quickly as I do most things, the shadow on her face as her eyes met mine in a long look. It meant . . . well, it seemed to mean everything in earth and heaven that counts.

"I conclude that all the strong stimuli which we have stressed so much were not left behind, after all, when we left France.

"Till we meet again! This is no answer to your letter. Funny. Miss Chilton trying to hunt me up! I heard of her again, this very afternoon, in an unexpected way. . . . I am very pleased that you have taken the Waverley Place apartment. It sounds most livable. Let's have the net curtains and be real pretty. It's to be our last 'go' as girls, Kate.

YOUR MERLE."

P. S.—What the look in that woman's eyes was like this afternoon, when she did *not* answer my question, I have discovered now. It was the look I met in the faces of the French people when I first went over there when word used to come that our boys wouldn't volunteer in numbers sufficient and the government would have to resort to conscription. It said simply: *You Americans do not comprehend*. I used to dread to meet it.

(*To be continued*)

NOTE: "'Conscripts of Conscience' is copyrighted by the Federation of Women's Foreign Mission Boards of North America."



AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

A School of Missions Under the Church Roof-Tree

It is a school for all old enough to go out evenings. The babies and primaries are fed missions according to formulæ adapted to their tender years. Supposing them safely in bed under good care, Gene, who is ten, Tom, now in high school, "sister," a young teacher, hurry into hats and sweaters, for the Fall evenings are growing chilly, join father and mother, and all proceed to the church. Other family groups and individuals make their way to the same centre.

It is a new experience and something of a lark for the juniors to be going to Wednesday night meeting, where father and mother used to go alone. But as mother has explained, "This is a new kind of a meeting, and every boy and girl is to have a part each time for six weeks." "I can stand it that long," says Tom. The fact was they all stood it so well during the entire period that now they ask for another try at the same game.

HOW THE SCHOOL WAS KEPT

The headmaster was not the minister nor the church school superintendent, though neither of those officials would have disgraced the position, provided he was executive and fairly enthusiastic. This man, or woman, who guides the new venture, has studied the plan proposed and tried by a Presbyterian secretary, Rev. Ernest Freeman Hall, as it is set forth in a leaflet of his own called "The Church School of Missions," and in one by Dr. Miles B. Fisher called "An Idea With a Destiny." Both may be obtained from that well of information and wisdom, the Congregational House, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, through the C.E.S.—and all our readers recognize these initials!

Though it is a Presbyterian idea, all denominations are made

to feel most welcome in its use, and together we may work out that "destiny" prophesied for it by Dr. Fisher.

And why not a destiny indeed when an idea has been evolved so naturally, so reasonably, from such valuable and permanent elements as we find in this?

It is about the new Idea, made up of old features, that the leader speaks for five minutes on the first night when all the gathered families sit before him.

Then the courses of mission study are described, the books shown, the teachers introduced and the assembly separates into many small classes. Ten is an average number for a successful discussion class. Teachers are chosen for their fitness to lead juniors, young people or adults. Men and women in the same group make for broader views and more spirited, stimulating expression of thought. Text-books vary in subject, covering both home and foreign missions.

Gene was just the age to understand and enjoy the story of "Mook," especially as her teacher was equipped with supplementary pictures and knew how to make the blackboard talk. Tom, in a group of high school sophomores, received a happy surprise when a real hero story from "Ministers of Mercy" was opened up to his imagination. A bright and popular lawyer led some young men and women in that remarkable, up-to-date book, "The Gospel for a Working World," while adult groups divided among several pertaining to our own and other lands. A few women who wanted to enlarge their equipment for auxiliary leadership asked a woman physician to conduct their study of "A Crusade of Compassion." It proved incidentally (?) rather informing for the physician, but such by-products are not harmful. A good, all-round, broadening sort of book appealed to many men and women in this school, "World Facts and America's Responsibility," by Dr. C. H. Patton. It was led by a man who attended the Northfield Summer School of *Women's Foreign Missionary Societies*, sent by his church to "study missions from a woman's standpoint!" Though he was the one man in a class of eighty-one, he may have the distinction of

being the pioneer of a new day when 1089 *men* will confer for a week over missions.

Why should 1089 women earnestly apply themselves to the study of great world-themes related to Christianity without some corresponding number of men somewhere, somehow, studying the same theme?

After the hour of study comes the general assembly for a brief period, with summaries of work done, reports on related reading, and brief dramatizations.

HOW THE MISSIONARY WOMEN CAN HELP START SUCH A SCHOOL

1. By getting the leaflets and talking over the plan with the pastor if he has not moved in the matter already. They would doubtless be asked advice upon subjects for study, text-books and teachers. The teachers will be picked from the parish people and need not be phenomenal men and women, not even devoted to missions. It is more important that they have instinct or training for the teaching process. They can study up on their subjects.

2. By guiding to connections with your denominational Boards which are now planning to send, when desired, instructors experienced in study-classes, who will give a short, intensive training to the would-be class leaders.

3. By promoting a vigorous campaign for a month or so of publicity about the coming school. To quote Dr. Fisher: "A membership committee should bring the matter persuasively to every person of the parish. Make it big, make it engaging."

While you are ready to help promote, get a man or two to join you that the plan may from the first appear what it is in fact, a church plan, not a woman's matter like the auxiliary.

NOTES: Write to the C. E. S., 14 Beacon Street, for a leaflet-review of new books available for classes this Fall. Schools of Missions may *precede* the regular prayer meeting or Sunday night service. One pastor writes after trying it: I am planning to make it a fixed part of our program every year." M. L. D.

Already requests have begun to come in for the Fall meetings, asking the Woman's Board to provide doctors and nurses as speakers for local meetings. It is very natural that auxiliaries intending to study *A Crusade of Compassion* should desire to secure a specialist along medical lines to emphasize program meetings; but it is obviously impossible to accede to such requests except in very rare cases. We have very few medical women, and they are, of course, at their posts on the field except for their furlough years. Dr. Tucker and Dr. Beals have given most generously of their time during their recent furloughs. Dr. Ruth P. Hume has been compelled to delay leaving Ahmednagar till later in the year. Dr. Eleanor Stephenson Picken is with her family in Brooklyn recovering from her recent severe illness. Dr. Katherine B. Scott of Madura has accepted for a year the post of resident physician at Vassar College, and will be busy with her duties there.

In order to meet the call for such help in some degree, we offer the stereopticon lecture on the hospital work of our Board. This is being booked for October, and later may be secured at one dollar for each date plus cost of carriage. Apply to Miss Helen S. Conley for assignments.

Fifty-Second Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions

The fifty-second annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held at the Union Congregational Church, Providence, R. I., November 12-14, 1919. The usual hospitality will be extended by the ladies of the Rhode Island Branch to regularly appointed delegates and to women missionaries of the American Board and Woman's Boards. Applications for entertainment should be sent by October 10 to Mrs. Henry M. Breckenridge, 20 Arch Street, Providence.

Junior Department

A Message from India

NOTE: The Young People's Secretary offers this letter, just received from India, as a "headline" for this month. If you find it possible to fill this great need, write to us for directions for sending.

"DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:—

"Now that the war is over I hope dolls will be on the market again and as soon as they are—well, I would like to make a plea on behalf of over two hundred little girls *who have never yet had a doll*, that kind friends at home would remember these little ones. The little China-headed dolls costing (before the war) only five cents would be quite sufficient to make the children happy. Pieces of cotton material for patchwork and sewing materials will also be welcome for the older girls.

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) C. S. QUICKENDEN."

Celebrate!

Not every year have we so good an opportunity for celebration (that delightful word to children) as this year, as the Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims approaches. We must not fail to make very definite preparation for it in our mission bands and Junior Christian Endeavor societies. We offer no better preparation than to review with the boys and girls some of the glorious history of our denomination since the time of the Pilgrims. For this purpose you will find valuable "Pilgrim Followers of the Gleam," by Katherine S. Hazeltine, price 50 cents, paper; 80 cents, cloth. For a description of this book see the Book Review, page 454 of this magazine. "Suggestions to Leaders Using 'Pilgrim Followers of the Gleam'" will be ready in the Fall—price announced later.

We hope later in the year to offer some suggestions in this column for planning a celebration of the Tercentenary in your group.

Notes on Christian Endeavor Topic for October, 1919

Christianity and the Health of China

Scripture Reading: Luke x: 25-37.

Laying Foundations. Since that day in 1834 when Peter Parker, the pioneer medical missionary, went to China, the work of medical missions has been steadily developed. We should find today three hundred and fifty-one medical missionaries and one hundred and sixty-two missionary nurses scattered over China's provinces. We should find an increasing number of Chinese, both men and women, who had taken up the medical profession, some of them assisting foreign physicians in the mission hospitals, and some of them presiding over independent hospitals. We should find several medical schools and training schools for men and women nurses. And we should see also something of the great work of the China Medical Board under the Rockefeller Foundation, which is establishing a union medical school in Peking, is subsidizing mission hospitals so that they may have more adequate staffs and better equipment and is providing fellowships for foreign study in medicine for promising Chinese.

The Future Task. Inspiring as all these signs of progress are, we should soon discover that only the fringe of China's health problem has been touched. With a population estimated at 400,000,000, it is safe to say that there is only one physician with modern scientific training for every 1,000,000 people. In the same ratio Greater New York City would have about five physicians. Then, too, China does not have the many other agencies for bettering health conditions which we have,—public health departments, quarantine of contagious diseases, sewer systems, pure water systems, street cleaning, public baths, charity organizations, anti-tuberculosis leagues, child-welfare work, better babies campaigns, and all the rest. In fact, just the reverse of the conditions which we know here in the United States is true of China. There is appalling ignorance of the commonest rules of health. Disease of the most violent order is everywhere, and as China is opened more and more to commerce, and communication between different sections of the country increases, certain forms of disease are more widespread, like cholera and plague. The death rate in China is reported to be higher than in any other land. It is estimated that 75% of the deaths is preventable.

Twentieth Century Methods. Now, how would you like to attack a condition like that? It is not enough to plant hospitals and dispensaries in strategic centers, to place a few hundred foreign physicians and nurses in them, or to train a few hundred more ever so capable Chinese physicians and nurses. The masses of the people must be reached through some popular method and made to understand that no nation can be great while millions of its people are diseased and under-nourished. The medical leaders know that they must reach the masses through the intelligent leaders of the people,—that is, through the Christian community. So in the mission schools the children are taught the first lessons in health and sanitation, and back in the homes the information reaches the parents. Then through the mothers' groups, Bible classes and lectures the adults are reached directly. Through a widespread use of literature the gospel of health is being carried into remote villages. But best of

all, the health campaign is being furthered by the exhibit method, which makes its appeal to the eye. Dr. W. W. Peters, a medical missionary, has been the pioneer in this work. Up and down the land, in the great cities, he has gone with his charts and pictures and interesting little models, which make clear the dangers from flies and mosquitoes, the high death rate from tuberculosis and other communicable diseases, the relation between clean bodies, clothing, table manners and health. So deeply has Dr. Peters impressed the upper classes that many of the officials have given him hearty support. Here and there in China cities are taking up the campaign. Wider streets are being built, old buildings torn down, and public health departments organized.

The Reforms. Aside from general health problems, there have been two great evils which had to be attacked,—opium smoking and foot-binding. And the missionaries have been leaders in the reform movement. So widespread was the use of opium that one missionary remarked that “eleven out of every ten people” in China smoked the drug. It has undermined the health of millions and has lowered the whole social order. When China really awoke to the results of the habit, she made a heroic stand for reform, and she has achieved a real moral victory from which western nations may learn some worth-while lessons if they will. We have a chance now to take a stand on high moral ground to see that American tobacco and liquor do not take the place in China of the opium evil.

In the Anti-Footbinding Reform missionaries have always been leaders, for from early days they refused to accept girls with bound feet in the mission schools. It has been a long, hard fight, but real victory is in sight. Foot-binding is steadily decreasing, although for many years to come it will be common in some parts of the country. Perhaps no other single reform has done so much to improve the health of women and girls, and through them the health of little children, and to bring about better home conditions.

Physical training, athletics and playgrounds have been introduced by our missionaries. Everywhere that the missionary has gone he has been the advance agent of a Better Health Campaign for all China. For the Christian missionary stands for the abundant life in Christ Jesus.

—M. E. E.

References—James Dennis, *Christian Missions and Social Progress*, Vol. 1, pp. 187-189, 208; *The World Outlook*, August, 1918; *The World's Work*, March, 1918 (an account of Dr. Peters' work); Mrs. Gamewell's *New Life Currents in China*, chs. II, III, IV.

Our Book Shelf

Pilgrim Followers of the Gleam, by Katherine S. Hazeltine.

The Pilgrim Press. Price, 50 cents paper; 80 cents cloth.

As the celebration of our Tercentenary draws near, we are looking, many of us, for ways by which we may make the occasion mean much in the lives of our young people. We want

them from it to gain something of the idealism which led those first Congregationalists to dare and to do. We want them to learn from the lives of our great leaders since that day. *Pilgrim Followers of the Gleam* will help us do just that. It is a most interesting history in story form of our denomination from the days of the Pilgrims (and even before) till today. Bradford, Winthrop, Thomas Hooker, Manasseh Cutler, the Iowa Band, Marcus Whitman, Samuel Mills, General Armstrong, and Edward Steiner—these are a few of the men whose stories are fascinatingly told in this little book. There are extracts from their letters with their quaint, old-fashioned phraseology—glimpses into the very hearts of the heroes. Boys and girls from ten to sixteen will thoroughly enjoy the tales if they are properly presented to them. The book will reach its fullest usefulness for the “nine-to-twelve-year-olds” in the hands of the leader, teacher or parent. The stories are excellent to read aloud and discuss. Every church should make a place in its program for this book this year, the year of celebration. There will be a pamphlet of “Suggestions to Leaders” to help us make the book useful in Mission Bands and Junior Christian Endeavor Societies.

“Edward Steiner did not go to the service in the synagogue that Sabbath morning. He ran away, instead, to the meadows near the river, where all was sunshine and flowers. . . . The creek, the willows, the flowers, the birds, the fluffy yellow goslings—all these seemed to welcome him. But the children, with yells and shouts and brandishings of sticks, drove him back. “Go off, little *schid!* Go back where you belong, Christ-killer!”

“And Edward, remembering the bloody nose one of them had given him only the day before because he would not bow to the cross where hung the wooden figure of a man, turned sadly away. What did it all mean? No one ever explained to him, yet he dimly felt that it was in some way because of the One on the cross that he so suffered and was hurt. . . .

“He trudged on into the town. Entering the square before the Black Eagle Inn, he saw the crowds gathered to meet the arrival of the omnibus. . . . He forgot about his troubles as he hurried to join the crowd, for it was great fun watching the passengers arrive.

“‘How many passengers today?’ called one of the crowd.

“‘Three-quarters of a man,’ laughed the driver in reply.

“The crowd gasped. Edward almost forgot to breathe as he watched first a wooden leg, then a real leg follow and feel for the step, after that

a back covered with a blue coat, loom up, and finally the man stand before him, three-quarters of a man, to be sure, for one sleeve of the blue coat hung empty. . . .

"He had come from that far-away land of America. Only last fortnight two wonderful things had come from there to Edward's home in that Hungarian town, the sewing machine and the oil lamp. He'd heard the teacher tell about the land across the great sea ever and ever so far: one day by omnibus, four days and nights by railroad, and then fourteen days across the *yam* (the great sea) in the ship that bobbed about like a nutshell on the *pottock* (the creek), and that at any moment might spill you out to be eaten by the fish, which were especially fond of curly-headed boys. . . . And now here was this three-quarters of a man who had come back across the great *yam*."

"Proudly the boy conducted the Jewish soldier through the streets to his home. Many doors and windows were opened, while many heads peered out to get a glimpse of the stranger. 'Who was he? Who was he? Where had he been?'"

Read the rest in *Pilgrim Followers of the Gleam*.

—R. I. S.

Woman's Board of Missions

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer*

Receipts August 1—31, 1919.

Friend, 500; Friend, 1, 501 00

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Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Deer Isle, Ch., 1 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire Branch.—Mrs. Jennie Stevens Locke, Treas., 21 South Spring St., Concord. Int. Sarah W. Kendall Fund, 50; Dau. in mem. of her mother, I. H. N., 50; Candia, W. F. M. S., 10; Exeter, Aux., 10; Hudson, First Ch., 4.50; Laconia, Woman's Soc., 60; Lyme, Aux., 60; Merrimack, Conf., 4; Northampton, Aux., 28.50; Sanbornton, Ch., 14.90, 291 90

VERMONT

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Pittsford. Bennington, Ch. School, 6.94; Bennington, North, 100, Aux., (Th. Off., 5.50), 70, S. S., 15; Benson, Aux., 17; Berkshire, East, Aux., (25. of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. A. W. Paxman), 31; Burlington, College St. Ch., In mem. of Mrs. Benidict, 5; Cabot, Ch., 33; Chelsea, Aux., to const. L. M., Mrs. Eunice Lewis, 25; Chester, Aux., 15, S.

S., 5; East Charleston, S. S., 1.16; Fair Haven, Aux., 27; Hartford, West, Ch., 2.87; Jamaica, Aux., 15; Lyndon, Ch., 9.91, C. R., 3.25; Milton, Aux., 19; Middlebury, Aux., 67.34; Putney, Ch. and S. S., 10.50; Royalton, Sarah Skinner Mem. 5, C. E. Soc., 2.50; Rutland, Aux., 50; Rutland Center, Swedish Ch., 1; Rutland, West, 10; St. Johnsbury, Center, Aux., 10; Sheldon, Aux., 13.60; Waterford, Lower, Friend, 2; Wallingford, Aux., 5; Westfield, Ch., 12.60; Westminster, Aux., 10; Westmore, Aux., 8.40; Wilder, Ch., 3.25; Woodstock, Aux., 22.50, 634.82

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Berkshire Branch.—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Dalton, Mrs. H. C. Severance, 5 00

Braintree.—Mrs. E. O. Dyer, 25 00

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<i>Hampshire County Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 51 Harrison Ave., Northampton. Amherst, Miss Ellen M. Bartlett,		5 00
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<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Fitchburg, C. C. Ch., Aux.,		18 24
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 North Main St., Fall River. Marion, Ch.,		11 98
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Chicopee, First Ch., Aux., 10, C. E. Soc., 5, S. S., Prim. Dept., 3; Longmeadow, C. R., 15; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 68.95, C. E. Soc., 5, South Ch., 250; Three Rivers, Union Ch., C. E. Soc., 20,		376 95
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Beacon St., Coolidge Corner Branch, Boston. Friends, 10; Boston, Mrs. George W. Washburn, 25. Old South Ch., Aux., 20; Neponset, Stone Aux., 8; Newtonville, Central Ch., S. S., 50; Roslindale, Mrs. Charles H. Beattie, 2; Roxbury, West., Mrs. Charles H. Botsford, 10, Mrs. N. G. Clark, 25, Mrs. William Dimick, 2; Miss Hannah J.		
Pearce, 10, Mrs. Lewis Perrin, 2; Wrentham, Miss Eleanor E. Fales, 20,		184 00
<i>Worcester County Branch.</i> —Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester. Athol, Ch., 32.50, S. S., 12.50, East Douglas, Ch., 30, Aux., 20; Holden, Mrs. Agnes B. Knowlton, 5; Spencer, Prim. Dept. S. S., 4.25; Whitinsville, Friend, 250; Worcester, Union Ch., 78.75,		433 00
Total, 1,604 06		
LEGACY		
<i>Lowell.</i> —Abby F. Holt, by Harry A. Brown, Extr., add'l,		15 65
RHODE ISLAND		
<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Barrington, Mrs. Ruth A. Davis, 10; Dartington, Ayuda Club, 25; Peace Dale, W. M. S., Kate E. Drysdale Mem. Fund, 85; Providence, Mrs. George L. Barnes, 5, Mrs. Theodore P. Bogert, 10, Mrs. Charles W. Bubier, 5, Miss Sarah T. Carpenter, 10, Mrs. Edward Carrington, in mem. of her mother, Mrs. William F. Sayles, 100, Mrs. Arthur W. Fairchild, 20; Saylesville, S. S., 15; Woonsocket, Mrs. Sharp, 2.		287 00
CONNECTICUT		
<i>Bristol.</i> —Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Andrew, 25. The Misses Atwood, 300, Miss Mary H. Bruen, 25, Miss Minnie A. Cobleigh, 5, Mr. Alexander Harper, 100, Miss Mary E. Hayward 125, Miss Madeleine H. Meder, 125, Mr. Arthur W. Jepson, 2.50,		707 50
<i>Eastern Connecticut Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Int. Martha S. Harris Fund, 136; Thompson, Aux., 15.50; Willimantic, Ch., 31.31,		182 81
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ington, Aux., 15; Plainfield, Aux., prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. A. H. Dresser; Simsbury, First Ch. of Christ, 37.30; Somerville, Ch., 12.96; Talcottville, Ch., 150; Unionville, Whatsoever Club, 19; Wethersfield, Aux., 228, 818 26

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Mrs. L. S. Welch 5; Mrs. Bunnell and Miss C. Sterling, 10, Miss B. L. Comstock, 25; Bridgeport, King's Highway Chapel, Aux., 20, United Ch., Aux., 500; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 10; Cheshire, Aux., 1; East Canaan, C. E. Soc., 5; East Litchfield, C. E. Soc., 5; Guilford, Third Ch., Aux., 5; Huntington, Ch., 15.66; Litchfield, Aux., 60.92, C. E. Soc., 5; Marlboro, C. E. Soc., 5; Meriden, First Ch., Aux., 65; Middlefield, Ch., 8.55; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 32.77, Miss Hazen's S. S. Class, 25, Third Ch., C. E. Soc., 15; Milford, First Ch., Aux., 60, Plymouth Ch., 15.03; Monroe, Y. L. M. C., 10; New Haven, Ch. of the Redeemer, S. S., 15, Grand Ave. Ch., C. R., 5, Humphrey, St. Ch., C. R., 18 cts. Plymouth Ch., C. R., 11.07; Ridgefield, Aux., 5; Sherman, Aux., 5.50; Stamford, Aux., 32.06; Stratford, Friends, 5, Gift Steward, 20, Aux., 45; Washington, Aux., 15; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 60.17, 1,122 91

Norwich.—Miss Delia D. Leavens, 30 00

Total, 2,861 48

LEGACIES

Hartford.—Annie E. Sanborne, by Security Trust Co., Hartford, Extr., add'l 1 33

New Haven.—Mrs. Alice Minerva Mallory, through Treas. of New Haven Branch, 190 55
Salisbury.—Harriet Maria Hutchinson Warner, through Treas. of New Haven Branch, 100 00
291 88

NEW YORK

Binghamton.—Friend, 75 00

New York State Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. Graff, Treas., 46 South Oxford St., Brooklyn. Centre Moriches, Mrs. Jennie N. Whitbeck, in mem. of Mrs. Catharine R. Newton, 5; Forest Hills, Ch. in the Gardens, Mrs. Margaret L. Eddy, 100; Jamestown, First Ch., 112; Middletown, First Ch., 5, 222 00

Total, 297 00

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Donations, 5,307 76
Buildings, 1,217 50
Specials, 65 00
Legacies, 307 53

Total, 6,897 79

Total from October 18, 1918 to August 31, 1919

Donations, 141,292 31
Buildings, 14,398 03
Extra Gifts for 1919, 1,159 38
Specials, 2,371 27
Legacies, 20,311 35

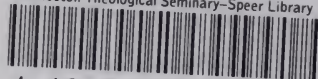
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